

[Mrs. A. S. Eager]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview 5241-[24?] [DUP?]

NAME OF WORKER Mrs. Cecile Larson ADDRESS 430 South 17th

DATE October 5, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Mrs. A. S. Eager, Grand Hotel, City
2. Date and time of Interview October 5-8:30 to 12
3. Place of interview Her apartment
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant None
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you None

[6?]. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Three room apartment — many books, pictures, letters and relics. [???

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Cecile Larson ADDRESS 430 South 17th, City

DATE October 5, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. A. S. Eager, Grand Hotel, City

1. Ancestry English-Scotch Irish
2. Place and date of birth New Albany, Indiana, April 23, 1855

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3. Family George and Sara Saffer

4. Places lived in, with dates Father, a steamboat carpenter. Took five little girls on a boat after mother died and moved to Quincy, Ill., [?] to Omaha-then Saunders, and Lancaster county.

5. Education, with dates Meager schooling

6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Married at 16 - active in church work and practical nursing.

7. Special skills and interests Fancy work - crocheting — some verse

8. Community and religious activities Methodist church

9. Description of informant Very old lady, bright and cheerful

10. Other points gained in interview Interesting conversationalist

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

After my mother died father took we 5 little girls on a boat to Quincy, Illinois. We lived there for a few years and father re-married. Then we came to Omaha for a year then to Saunders county and later to Lancaster county. We lived in a sod dugout in Saunders county, finally father built a log house. He got the logs along the Platte river and stood them on end, boarded up both sides and made a pretty good house. We fought lots of prairie fires, watched them far off. We drove to Ashland for supplies, there was just a small store there and lots of dugouts and sod houses. We came to this country in two covered wagons, my sister and I drove one wagon.

After I was married I nursed everywhere that anyone needed me. We homesteaded the only homestead left in Lancaster county in [Rock?] Creek precinct. We pre-empted and

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homesteaded and bought land until father had 560 acres. We now own a great deal more land than that. I was married in 1871 at the age of 16. My husband was a cattle breeder and stock man and [?] farmer. We had no church facilities and I felt so bad about it that I got on a horse and rode over the country and invited everyone to come to our house for services. Then I asked a man to preach for us but he said he did not think anyone would be there so he refused. On Sunday morning our 16 foot square house was full and benches outside the door were full. I was very nervous and excited having so many people and no minister so I had several of Spurgeons Sermons and I got up and read one of them and there was not a dry eye in the house when I got thru, I had so touched them. Then later a travelling minister came thru and held services at our home. My husband had sold some cattle, oxen and etc. and had \$300 on the clock shelf so I asked him for ten dollars to give to the minister. He said, no, I should give the minister some apples and garden produce but I still felt I must give him money. [???] The next day my husband went to town to buy a reaper and a mower and after he had gone I knelt down and asked God to help me pay the minister. After praying for some time it came to me "Clean off the clock shelf" and I got up and took the paper off the shelf and shook it and a ten dollar bill dropped out. I gave it to the minister. Later I told my husband and he said he didn't know he left it there.

My husband was a very good man but he had one awful temper. One day the hired man was plowing potatoes and father was hilling them up. One of the horses, called Jim, was lazy and as he passed by father hit him with the hoe and cut a terrible gash. He bled a great deal. Father took off the harness and brought him home and said to me, "I guess I've killed Jim" — I went out and grabbed some dirt off the fence posts and stopped the flow of blood. Then I watered and fed Jim for a week or more and finally he got well.

The woods were full of wild plums and a man who stayed with us picked a pail of them and brought them back to the house. My husband carried water from the spring and I carried the empty pails to him. He filled a certain pail for the horses every day. This day the man

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emptied the plums all over the floor and the [shellers?] were all [thore?]. I began to cry. Had the baby in my arms. One of the shellers grabbed the broom and swept up the plums.

We had a beautiful mare and had been offered \$250 for her. I had driven her to Broken Bow and back without trouble. But she would sometimes balk, especially if you used a whip on her. My husband hitched her with an old horse onto a wagon load of corn and hit her with the whip. She reared up and put her feet on the horse's neck. He whipped her and beat her and broke sticks and boards over her back. Then he came in the house and said "Where is that gun? I'm going to kill that mare." Altho the shellers were waiting for their dinner in the house, I grabbed my sunbonnet and ran and parted the mare, talked to her a little, jumped on the wagon and drove to Waverly with the corn. I had a twelve year old girl helping me and I told her and my husband to put the meal on the table. He tried to stop me but I left and when I got back he was over his temper.

This is a piece of poetry written by Mrs. Eager several years ago to a close friend. I copied from her scrap book. It is March 31st! The good lord save us! But this is the birthday of Walter Davis The Davis whose food shops have bro't him reknown And whos coffee is talked of all over this town If you should be hungry, just visit his place and smiles will soon be covering his face. When I heard 'twas his birthday I hurried up town, After putting on new shoes, best hat and gown And I searched all the stores for almost a week And then ran across this cute little freak; It has something about it so quaint and so new — Thats why Mr. Davis I bought if for you.

Just look, such expression in each pretty eye; The sad look, you cannot rub it off if you try, They ears so outstanding, the Lord only knows (nose) The collar so fitting, and those cunning toes All make up this dog that I'm sure will prove true And be always a friend thats loyal to you. But why ramble on, with knowledge so Meagre, I sign myself always your friend Mrs. Eager